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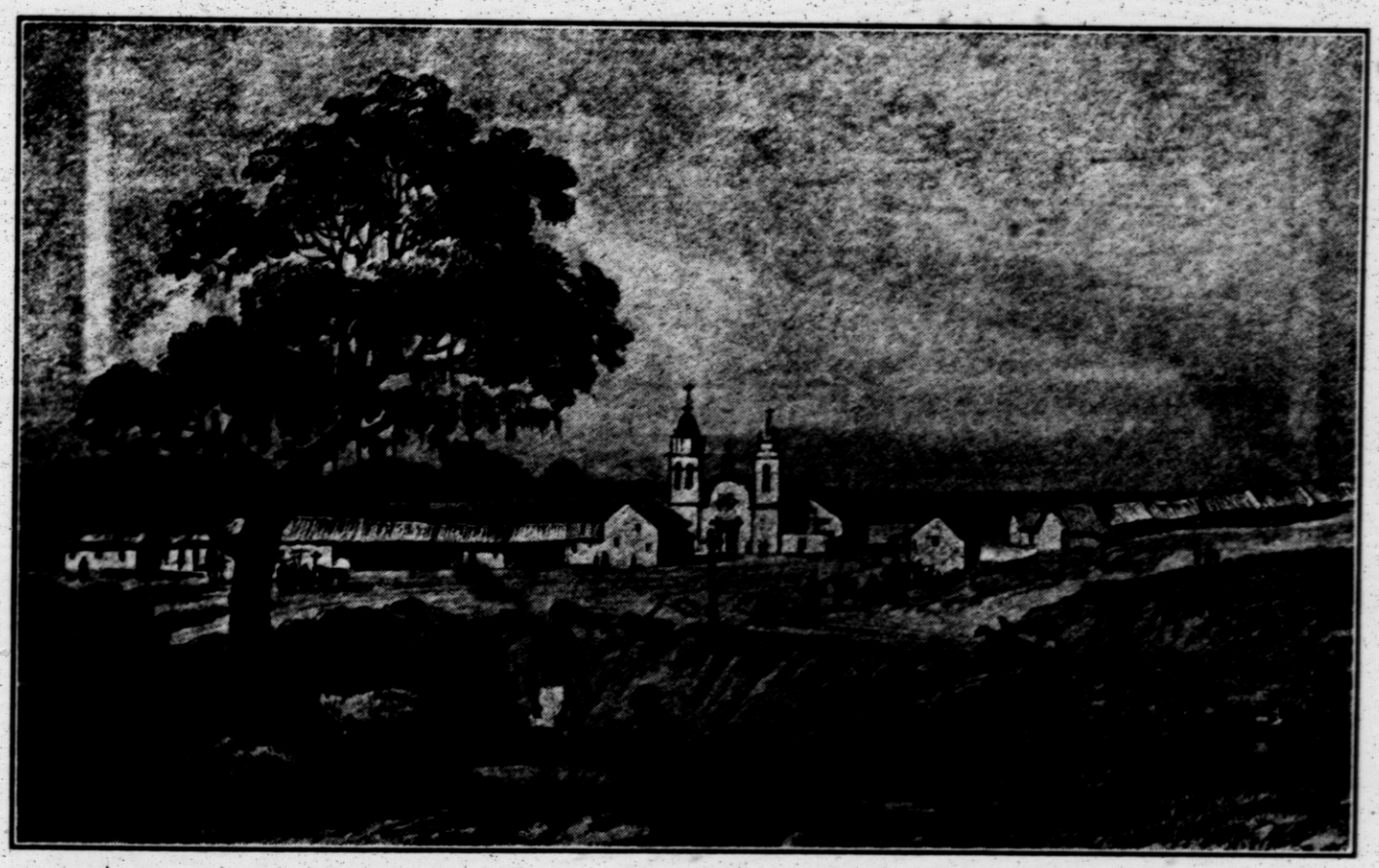

From "Old Monterey" by Laura Bride Powers

MISSION SAN CARLOS DE BORROMEO DE MONTEREY DEL CARMELO
PRINT BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM SMYTH, R.N.

THE NEWS-MAGAZINE OF THE PENINSULA

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of the TOWN CRIER:

Although I am unacquainted with the lady in question, I cannot refrain from expressing my disgust at the scurrilous attack in the *Carmel Pine Cone* of August 10th, the whole tone of which impresses me as the vulgar, abusive and nauseating outpouring of a singularly vicious mind. The attempt at a low form of humor only adds to the objectionable quality.

While it is entirely permissable to combat vigorously ideals of which one disapproves, the manner should be fitting and the language employed should be couched in terms of recognized decency. This is quite different from writing a virvulent article with reference to the intimate relations in the private life of an individual. These matters are strictly his own affairs sacred to himself and should be considered beyond the pale of public discussion.

Only the uncouth will fail to recognize the distinction, and to touch with rude hands upon such a delicate subject shows a lack of any sensibility of heart or spirit the desire to wound is a deplorable indication of sadism. It does far more harm to the one who indulges in it than it can bring to the victim of his cruelty.

—*Mary Stokes Palmer Wilkes*

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To the author of "Concentrated Wealth"

It is always a pity when any one writing on a controversial subject fails to take the trouble to read up the arguments on the other side. For the case against capitalism, and especially the brand known now as finance capitalism can be summed very briefly.

Communism existed in what the French call " la pre-histoire." And so it is nothing new. The race is reverting to an ancient social order. And so the axiom "There is nothing new under the sun," is true once more!

Strachey in his "Coming Struggle for Power" (1) tells us how semi-communism ceased to exist in England when under Henry Tudor the sheep runs were enclosed by the squires and the first Anglo-Saxon free market was established and how the improvement in transportation under Elizabeth widened that market, making it available for staples instead of merely for luxuries as before. This is intended to mean the international markets, essential to finance capitalism. Then he goes on to tell us how the English revolutions of 1649 and 1788 transfered the power, which meant money, from the King to the higher Whigs. And then how Watt's discovery and the French revolution transfered that power again from the higher to the lower Whigs. (In England, the dissenters.) And how Napoleon's job was to extend that market through Europe and how he failed in Russia and in Spain because in those countries feudalism was still too strongly established. And the market widens still more with the development of steam on the high seas until the world war we find another situation arises, and that is mass production needing mass consumption, and this no longer being possible under a profit system.

Harry Elmer Barnes, who is *not* a Communist, but a liberal warns again and again in the *World Telegram* that capitalism now can not function under the guise it has held until now; that it must, for its own salvation, be transformed into industrial capitalism, or Social Credit, and how his warning is falling on deaf ears, because the lords of our present system are loath to abandon any of thier (theoretical) high profits in order to keep it going. (I say theoretical, because the system is choking to death, despite all the huge sums for barely keeping alive the millions who should, in order to keep the system going, have a decent standard of living.) Accurately, that of $5000 a year per family of four in the U. S. A.

And so how much more privation, how much tension, how much bloodshed and how much civil war in each and every country settled by the white man we have to experience, before conditions become so bad that those belonging to the old-new order will be called to take charge, is of course as unknown quantity. But the march of economic determination is impossible for any group to oppose.

One last statement, this a subjective one. It is not possible for an ex-aristocrat to survey without a sense of amusement the "volte face" of those who, up tiil now, have upheld the thesis of democracy and of extolling the masses. For of course "democracy" was really the rule of money. Plutocracy is its real name. Now it is being stated that the masses are incapable to ruling. The ex-aristocrat agrees. But what constitutes a human belonging to the masses? It is to be an informed and trained mechanic? Or a half-baked member of the intelligentsia? The answer is pertinent. Because Communism in the future will not be religión, as of old, but the rule of Science, pure and applied.

(1) Published in 1932.

—*Yvonne K. Navas-Rey, Ph.D.*

Editor's Quill

WITH *this issue the* TOWN CRIER reverts to the Carmel Press, Peter O'Crotty and Janet Large having disposed of their interests to the Press.

We shall continue the news-magazine along the lines originally planned and believe that as time goes on its readers will find more interesting and more worthwhile than has been the case so far.

Apologies are due to our subscribers and to our advertisers for the apparent neglect of their interests but with the full control now vested in the Carmel Press, we can assure everyone that the distressing conditions have now been eliminated.

Any suggestions that our readers may have, or comments, and, of course, criticisms, will be welcomed, so that we may attain our ends with the support of the greatest number.

—E. A. H. W.

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MAY we pause in contemplation for a moment to realize that it is twenty years ago this month since the first guns were fired in the Great World War. Twenty years ago since the first little band of men hurried off to join the Parade of the First Hundred Thousand in England . . . . Twenty years ago . . . . and a complete Lost Generation.

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Village Fair

Plans for the Carmel Village Fair, to be held on Friday, August 31 and Saturday, September 1, are well under way.

Performers in the Serra Festival are invited to attend the affair in their pageant costumes. Others who wish may come in fancy dress. The Forest Theater grounds, where the fair is to be held, will be open from 2 to 12 p.m., with special performances for children in the afternoon. Dinner, in charge of Mrs. E. Van Zandt, will be served on the grounds from 5:30 to 8:00, during which the Presidio band will render a concert.

An ever-lengthening list of Midway fun shows is being secured by Dr. David Matzke. There will be the "Artists' Life Class," a Sally Rand type fan dance, fortune telling from many angles, tea cups, palms, crystal gazing and cards.

On the big stage continuous vaudevill will be in progress, There will be a Jitney Dance to music by Allen Knight's orchestra, and a clay pidgeon stooting gallery. Prizes will be awarded for the best arrangement of flowers at the flower booth in charge of Mrs. John Neikirk. Mrs. Carl G. Rentdorff will conduct a rare and antique book stall.

In the Beauty Contest for Girls in Shorts points will be scored on general attractiveness, coat of tan and becoming costume. Registration for this event is free. At Leota Tucker's Photograph Gallery your face will be snapped topping a bizarre figure, so fantastic your friends won't know you. Edward Weston, Mesdames Elizabeth Sullivan, Daisy Bostick, Fern Hyde, Marie Gordon and the Misses Stilwell are down for surprise shows providing thrills and laughter.

The main auditorium will be reserved for a German Beer Garden presided over by Dr. R. A. Kocher and Fritz Wurzmann, stands for spaghetti, prepared by an Italian chef, hot dogs, hamburgers, pink lemonade, pop corn, balloons, ice cream and home made candy by Mrs. C. J. Ryland.

For the first time in village history a display of Carmel Valley farm products will be exhibited. A portrait painter will sketch patrons at the Artists*s booth. Paintings by Ferdinand Burgdorff, De Neale Morgan, the Seidenecks, Ida M. Curtis, Miss Culbertson and others to be given away may be seen at Mrs. Daisy Bostick's at Ocean and Dolores.

Special programs for children include a dog show with prize awards for youngsters not over twelve. Each dog must be on leash. Marian Kingsland of Del Monte Kennels will be in charge, and Mrs. C. H. Yates will act as judge, A pedigreed Cairn Terrier presented by Mrs. Biddle Dorsey will be given away.

Both afternoons there will be the Art Grab Bag in charge of Mrs. Pat Hudgins, Mrs. Wendy Prince's Fish Pond, the Educated Goose that made such a hit at the San Francisco fair is being brought here by Mrs. Louise Hastie. Other entertainments for children, too numerous to mention here, are being arranged. For information, or to register for contests, telephone Carmel 1001 or 774.

Serra Festival Notes

The Southern Pacific Co. will run special trains to Monterey for those who desire to witness the matinee performance of "The Apostle of California" on Sunday, August 26. Also a round trip fare from San Francisco of $2.50, good from August 24 to 28 has been arranged.

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A Serra Festival headquarters has been established in the Leidig building on Dolores Street. Mrs. Josephine Durfee will be on hand daily from 11 to 4. Information as to housing, feeding, transportation, religious services, etc. will be accurately and cheerfully given.

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Arrangements at the Carmel Mission provide for the seating of about 1600 persons at each performance of the Serra drama. All seats will be reserved, and should be secured promptly.

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A feature on Sunday, August 26, when the only day-time performance of "The Apostle of California" will be presented, will be the luncheon to be available at the Mission. Arrangements are in the making to serve 1000 persons.

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Libraries and book sellers report an unprecedented inquiry for literature having to do with the life of Junipero Serra, the founding of the Mission, the history of Monterey and of Carmel. Many volumes long unread and out of print are being brought forth. This "Serra Year" has promoted a reading of a biography and history.

The Pageant

The time is fast approaching when people from all parts of California will be journeying to Carmel to witness the performances of the play, "The Apostle of California" which will be presented August 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28 in the grounds of the Carmel Mission. George Marion, the veteran actor, wrote the play and will be the Fra Junipero Serra, its central figure.

The amphitheater has been arranged against the south wall of the Mission, and the bells that run the angelus for Father Serra will ring again for the players and the audience.

In the cast, besides Mr. Marion will be a number of professional players living in Carmel, among them Helen Ware and Frederick Burt. Several of the younger actors of Hollywood and the Monterey Peninsula have volunteered to become extras on the occasion of these performances. Archbishop Edward J. Hanna heads the committee which has the Serra Festival in charge.

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Friend of the American Indian Passes

Announcement of the sudden death of Mary Austin at Santa Fe, New Mexico, reached Carmel friends last Monday night. She passed away while asleep, death being attributed to heart disease.

Mrs. Austin was 65. She was born in Carlinville, Illinois. In the eighties her family moved to California to a ranch near Bakersfield. After her marriage she moved into Inyo county, California, where she wrote her first book, "The Land of Little Rain." She spent a number of years in Carmel, and her *Wickiup* in the north woods became something of a literary shrine.

A daughter was born to the Austins, but died at the age of 4 years. Mrs. Austin's husband died four years ago.

Her books covered many subjects and perhaps her best known novel is "The Women of Genius."

She recently completed "Starry Adventure" and a booklet, "Can Prayer Be Answered?" and a small work on "Spanish Colonial Arts."

She was understood to have been working on a sequel to "Starry Adventure." Burial probably will be in Santa Fe.

The Theatre

The complete cast is announced for "The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife" which is to be produced at the Forest Theater Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, August 16, 17 and 18, as follows:

The Judge, Herbert Heron; the Lawyer, Eugene Watson; the Doctor, Austin Reynolds; the Surgeon, Leon Chassagne; the Apothecary, Alex McLeod; the Secretary, Grosvenor Winston; the Footman, Lloyd Test; the Wife, Ellen Upshaw; the Maid, Phoebe Ann Neubauer; the girl, Opal Jefferson; Madam De la Bruino, Helena Heron; the Page, Polly Angus; Chickweed Seller, Sonia Gunderson, Watercress Seller, Sally Ery; the Dog, Ichabod Gunderson.

And many incidental ang singing roles that add life, color and harmony to the beautiful medieval setting.

They say: "I saw this delightful play in New York, and I am eager to see it again," said Rachel Hiller. "It is worthy of the traditions of the Forest Theater in interest and artistry."

"Outstanding in my memory," enthusiastically reports George Stone of the Highlands.

"I am looking forward to my third joyful evening with the "Dumb Wife," enthused Susan Porter. "I reveled in the riotous sweeps of broad satire and the subtle touches of fun, and its a delight to the eye, as well. Don't miss it!"

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George C. Warren, the well-known dramatic critic and stage historian of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, recently returned from New York, has this to say about Jack Kirkland's new play, "Tobacco Road":

"The play is one of the filthiest I ever saw, and that is saying a great deal in these degenerate days of the theater. The dialogue is starky indecent; the story one that makes the spectator ashamed of his own kind, so degraded are the characters. When I say Kirkland has made a good play I mean the mechanics of his playwriting are excellent, not that the story is ennobling.

"Its people are the lowest element of society in Georgia; the backwoods "po' white trash" of the South; sunk in a moral morass that nauseates the man sitting in the orchestra. The Lester family, living in a tumbledown shack, starving except for what they can steal, are the people that carry the story. They have not the slightest idea of decent living, although a generation back all the land surrounding them had been the property of the family."

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The forthcoming production of the "Dumb Wife" ends a quarter of a century of constructive and creative work in the Forest Theater by the man who established it.

Twenty-five years ago Herbert Heron, then very young, had been on the professional stage. He came to Carmel with the intention of writing. However the theatre was in his blood, and his fervent love for the stage combined with his tremendous feeling for the community was the foundation of a monument in Carmel.

His work has been tireless, and he has served in every conceivable capacity in the Forest Theater. He has played small parts, designed sets, sold tickets, operated lights, and of course, directed great plays and played many famous roles, including *Hamlet* and *Romeo*. Nothing was too small or too large for this ambitious and sincere artist. Suddenly one realizes why a great philosopher said that "genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains."

Herbert Heron is an incredibly romantic figure. Quiet, unassuming away from the footlights, possessed of an ineffably patient spirit, and at the same time filled with the burning steady flame of inspiration. Frank honest eyes, disarming smile, divine sense of humor, and so very gentle. Quite different from the Heron who played *Marc Anthony* with such powerful magnificence.

It is an established fact that he is one of the finest Shakespearean actors in the country.

The Forest Theater is one tangible proof that an idealist may sometimes live to see his ideals achieved.

We bow with humble reverence.

—*Dorothy Brooke*

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Louis Levinson Backs Fiesta

Stating that the Serra Festival is perhaps the greatest community effort Carmel has yet developed, Louis Levinson says that he will be only to glad to give visitors a trial spin down to the old Mission in on of his new Fords now on display.

The Living Horde

One half a million animals have been named up to date, and certainly there is a third as many plants. When the christening is all over it is believed that there will be at least three million kinds of living things. These fall into two main groups, land and marine. All are engaging in the same activities, moving (although this may be obscured), feeling, operating and maintaining their bodies, and reproducing their kind. This is the sum total; none do more.

But while all are alike in these respects the conditions surrounding marine organisms are vastly different from those on land. In the first place sun light penetrates the sea to a depth of not over a mile. Fifteen sixteenths of the Pacific Ocean sea bottom are thus in darkness. Again, the pressure of the water increases fifteen pounds to the square inch for every thirty-five feet depth. An average sized man sunk in the deepest abyss known would be subjected to a weight of 33,000,000 pounds. And yet life exists in the deeps; it is astonishingly abundant off our coast at a depth of a mile and more. Finally the sun's rays heat the ocean to a relativly slight extent the bottom temperatures are close to zero.

Despite these apparent handicaps life in the sea is almost as varied as it is on land. Plants thrive near the surface, and while myriads survive others are eaten and still others gradually sink to the bottom and replenish the landers of a procession of organisms floating or swimming at various levels down to the bottom. Here another assemblage greedily awaits this nutritious rain or, impatient, gobbles up its relations. The devils take the hindmost or the least alert, while the more fit replenish the stock and the stream of life flows on.

—*Prof. Harold Heath*

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Augustus Thomas, 70, the dean of American playwrights, died at his New York home last Sunday of a stroke of apoplexy.

Thomas, who had been in failing health for the past three years, died in bed in his apartment. Mrs. Thomas was with him at the end.

Known principally for his historical plays of the American scené, the veteran writer from 1922 to 1925 was director of all elements of the theatrical producing industry, a position comparable to that of Will H. Hays in the motion picture business. For the past year the playwright had lived quietly in virtual retirement in Westchester county near the home of a son.

Dame Gossip

Leslie Tooker and Gretchen Schoeninger, local art students, are spending a week in San Francisco, where they are looking into prospective positions with theatrical companies.

Visiting George Hall of Pine Inn, Al Robinson, art student at Princeton, arrived this week after an auto trip through the Northwest.

Professor Umberto Olivieri from the University of Santa Clara and his daughter, Jessie, were in Carmel the past week end.

Lyle Bate who has been connected with the Golden Bough Players for the past two years has been ordered to join the C.C.C. near Jolon as Commissary Officer. He will be missed by the theater group.

Mrs. Allen Test and her son Lloyd, have returned to their Pebble Beach home after a summer spent in Alaska with Mrs. Test's sister.

Miss Sue Brownell is visiting Miss Mary Campbell in Piedmont for a few weeks.

Miss Peggy Converse and Douglas Nye of the "Drunkard" cast at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, spent last weekend in Carmel.

Carmelites attending the University of California are leaving this week for the opening of the semester. Among the number are, Bill Heron, John Rockwell, Bob Scripture, Dick Criley, Bob Horton and Bill Dickinson who is transfering from Reade College.

A group who enjoyed a beach party last Thursday night were, Shirley Hoffman, Gretchen Schoeninger, Sally Fry, Helena Steilberg, Bain Reamer, Bowley Hoffman, Joe Schoeninger and Bob Scripture.

H. A. Millis, head of the University of Chicago Economic Department and a member of the National Labor Board, has concluded a six weeks visit with Mrs. Vera P. Millis at her home here. Mr. Millis is returning to Chicago and Washington.

Among San Jose residents sojourning here are the Misses Betty and Nell O'Brien, Russell O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blauer and the Misses Dorothy and Barbara Blauer. They will probably remain through August.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sehested and son from Baltimore Park, Marine County, spent last week in Carmel as guests of Hotel La Ribera. Mr. Sehested is the acting consul for Denmark in San Francisco.

Miss Ida Jean Hyde left for Philadelphia early this week where she will attend school. Miss Hyde is planning to stop at the World's Fair on her way East.

Many guests stopped at Hotel La Ribera last weekend. Among them were; Mr. and Mrs. R. Whiting from San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hyland from Los Angeles, Mrs. E. Jacobson and family from San Francisco, Mrs. McCoy and daughter from Alameda, Miss Barbara and Mr. Philip Schuyler from Oakland, Captain and Mrs. Sherwood from Oakland, and Mrs. Havens-Monteagle and daughter Jehanne from San Mateo.

As usual dancing at Hotel Del Monte was enjoyed by many of Carmel's younger set last week. Among those seen on Friday night were, Beverly and Joan Tait, Shirley Hoffman, Virginia Loveland, Ellen and Jessie Brown, Sally Fry, Barbara Collins, Laura LaMontagne, Ed Files, Bill Staniford, David Bradley, Ray Stowell, Laidlaw Williams, Will Claywell, Dave Davis, Bob Smith, Tommy Warren, Hap Hasty, Joe Schoeninger, Stu Marble, Dale Leidig, Spec Watson, Norman Skaden, Bob Scripture and Bowley Hoffman, Elissa Law and Nancy Cocke.

Mr. Bill Bernett Berry from Berkeley is in Carmel for a few days visiting Mr. Bowley Hoffman. Mr. Hoffman expects to leave this week for Sacramento Juior College.

Mr. George Westerman, Mr. Lawrence Scott and Miss Virginia Short are in Carmel visiting Miss Eleanor Short.

Summering on the Carmel Point are Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich from San Francisco.

Gordon and John Campbell returned early this week from a week's camping trip to the Little Sur.

Mr. and Mrs. Hershel Silverstone from Berkeley are now staying at Holiday Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb from Glendale, with his sister, Mrs. Sawyer, are here for a month. Mr. Webb is the owner of a department tore in his home town.

SERRA, FIESTA COMMITTEE

Most Rev. Philip G. Scher, D.D.
Bishop of Fresno-Monterey
Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D.D.
Archbishop of San Francisco
Hon. Frank Merriam
Governor of California
Hon. Angelo J. Rossi
Mayor of San Francisco
Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo
United States Senator
Hon. J. J. McGrath
United States Congressman
Hon. Paul J. McCormick
Federal Judge
Hon. Edward Tickle
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Pres. Anglo-American Bank
William H. Crocker
Pres. First National Bank
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Pres. Bank of America
J. D. Knowland
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Chairman Cal. Historical Society
Chas. A. Koenig
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Mrs. Irene M. Dunne
Grand Pres. Young Ladies' Institute
William J. Sweigert
State Deputy Knights of Columbus
Rev. Michael D. O'Connell
Pastor Carmel Mission
George F. Marion
Director of Pageant

Is Wealth Dangerously Concentrated in America

(Continued from last week)

We cannot have our cake and eat it too. We cannot have something we call "the government" look out for us, save us from our own follies, from our own dishonesty, from our indifference—and prosper.

Government is administrated by human beings who are no smarter, no more high-minded, no more unselfish than the rank and file of the rest of us. We have to turn officials out of office every once in a while in order to save ourselves. If we were to give up our political democracy upon the promise of new claimants for power, that they will give a better distribution of well-being than our system provides for, we would soon find ourselves in the state of all down-trodden people since the world began.

We have the remedy for present day ills. If we will use our votes, if we will get to the polls and express our preferences, if we will demand honesty in our public officials and then set them an example in our own lives, we will have real prosperity not only in things that are material but in those higher values, national self-respect and personal satisfaction.

This obvious fact is rarely stressed by politicians who are bidding for votes. Business men upon whose shoulders, after all, rests the burden of feeding, clothing, and sheltering our people are not, as a rule, listened to with respect. An official statement made 46 years ago by Carrol D. Wright, then Commissioner of Labor, is illuminating. He said. "The day of large profits is probably past. There may be further intensive but extensive development of industry in the present area of industry."

Since then we have seen the birth of the automobile industry, of the movie industry, of airplanes, of radio, of a thousand inventions that were not dreamed of when one of our most learned public men wrote those words. These industries represent billions of dollars and widespread prosperity.

A decade from now the prophesies of some of our learned men today will look as ridiculous as this prophecy of Carrol D. Wright.

The statement that we cannot consume as fast as we are producing is silly. Our entire material structure is today almost obsolete. We could rebuild all our homes and factories—to our immeasurably improved well-being. And there are countless new products waiting to come on the market. New inventions of undreamed of possibilities are "just around the corner." Our frontier has merely changed from a geographical one to a chemical one, to one of limitless possibilities of inventive genius.

As men have more leisure, they will consume more things, use more things, go more places to see more things; and it takes machines to make machines to make these things that men will use and discard freely in favor of newer and better things.

The hoarding of worn-out things will no longer be a virtue. We have learned how to make things cheaply and easily and we will have new and attractive things as they come along—to the very limit of the human imagination.

We are told that our distribution system has broken down. Money is the distribution system, and money does its work just in proportion to the speed with which it circulates. One dollar in money does many dollars in credit business. One dollar withdrawn from circulation, in response to fear, brings down a big superstructure of business done on credit.

But there is one thing that no power can bring about. Nobody can make another want things if he doesn't want them and won't spend his dollar for them! You can take away from a man what he has accumulated because that is thangible, but it is impossible to make a man act with confidence if he hasn't got the confidence. You can't make a man create.

The only way to stimulate creative power is to remove restrictions that burden the human spirit.

The best stimulus to creative power is large prizes for initiative, industry, and self-restraint. There can be no arbitrary limit set to the size of the prize.

Our grandfathers would probably have fainted at the idea of paying a man $80,000 a year to swat a ball over the fence; and yet we weren't horrified when Babe Ruth demanded that, nor when Edgar Rice Burrows makes millions because he invented Tarzan, nor when some so-called captain of industry thinks of something that creates hundreds or thousands of jobs and supplies the wants of millions of people.

It is just as illogical to set limits to industrial prizes as to set limits to the height a man can pole vault because everybody else can't pole vault that high.

We are not in the present state of physical and mental unrest because we haven't enough things. We are in it because we are afraid—of what?

Each other. Actually, human beings are afraid of other human beings, more than they fear the forces of nature.

America's system of voting people in and then out of power minimizes that fear of human beings. We do not tremble lest the bad digestion or unruled passion of an autocrat shall sentence us to servitude or death, nor that the obsessions of single-track minded experts can impse upon us theories that may or may not work and in doing so skill all initiative and imagination that gives birth to progress.

We have all the ingredients for prosperity; we need but one more thing, confidence in one another, in one another's motives, confidence in human beings as sons and daughters of God.

Without that, no system can be devised that will free the human spirit.

The way to restore confidence is for each one of us to speak up in favor of our American system, of that Covenant we have made to give to one another certain rights that will be a bulwark for our individual effort—the rights known as our Bill of Rights, the instrument that underlies the soundest basis for human living the world has ever known.

Threatening to overthrow the system delays confidence, delays prosperity, increases fear and uncertainity, and plays into the hands of a new class of would-be political rulers.

America is in no actual danger, I am sure. It isn't in our national make-up to give up our rights, but the sooner we stop toying with the idea the better and happier we will all be.

—Agnes Morley Cleaveland

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On The Good Ship Constitution

(Dedicated to an ex-judge in Congress)

With gavel clenched in lifted hand,
The captain said to his notary:
"So many legal leagues from land,
This storm puts us in jeopardy.

"Before the foremast is a wreck,
Let the bailiff bail till we reach land.
Subpoena the port watch on deck—
There's precedent for my command.

"A mighty wave comes o'er the main
To shake our shapely ship and toss it.
Such motion I won't entertain,
So I hereby nolle pros it.

"The tempest now is on the crest—
Fear not, my lads, but furl and function,
For ere it knocks us galley west
I'll forthwith issue an injunction.

"What ho! Eight bells! I'll grant a stay.
Belay! Heed not the waves' wild warning.
Let's go below. Call it a day.
Adjourn till ten tomorrow morning."

—Tom Thienes

Our Hollywood Letter

FOREWORD

This is the part story of a life, to date. It has been written neither for self-glorification nor for great profit, but chiefly for that satisfaction felt in passing on to a wider audience certain tales which have variously blanched cheeks and brought chuckles. These gems, strung loosely on autobiographical thread, have at least the quality of being genuine. A few of them, uncut unpolished, selected for their color, were wrested from curious matrices found in unpleasant surroundings. To switch metaphor: they are orchids springing from rotted crotches of the tree of life. Others are sturdy plants pushing their way out of rich and virgin soil.

Being "of man's life a thing apart," love has been given no space on the pages to follow. Artists ranging from Laura Jean Libby to Frank Harris have done their best and worst on Love's canvas. It has all been covered. There remains no spot for the amateurish daubs of a congenital New Englander.

If here and there in this most veracious history a hint of Sex is discovered, you are assured the touches will not hurt. For although fo'cas'les and glory-holes and soldiers' barracks and brothels are noisome places they're harmless to peer into for a moment.

Come then, unafraid, with me. Let us consider persons ranging from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to Sinclair Lewis, from Steve Brodie to the Sultan of Morocco. Let us fix a bayonet, "unbucket" a lance, kill a whale, drip an absinthe, build an *igloo*, embalm a body. Let us drop in on the Adventurers' Club, visit "The Inn of the One-Legged Women," and "The Island of Broken Hearts."

In other words: let's detour.

PART 1

CHAPTER 1

GOOD BOY—BAD BOY

I was born in Boston, they tell me, of honest and God-fearing New England stock. My mother was the youngest daughter of a country doctor—a horse-and-buggy squire with long white beard and merry blue eyes. My father, one of ten brothers born on a Vermont farm, left the soil to seek his fortune in the city. Had I been able to pick my parents, my place of birth, I couldn't have done better, for the former gave me everything a boy should have at home, while Boston attended sternly and efficiently to my schooling. Is it necessary to add that in the course of time I acquired the broad "a" or that I developed a fondness for codfish-balls, for the beans and brown bread which no doubt helped two Quincy boys to the Presidency?

My earliest recollections have to do with my nostrils. Through them I sensed the fragrant air of Boston Highlands, its clipped lawns and towering elms. Vacations in Vermont brought other aromas: those of hay newly mown, of raspberries fresh from a garden close to the whispering Winooski. As time went on and some thirty-six months lay behind me, I recall neither adventures nor sorrows. I liked America as far as I'd gone.

At the age of four, however, a shadow fell. So far the word of an elder had been gospel to me. And when I was told that turkey-bones planted and watered would develop into handsome young gobblers, I dug holes in the backyard of our Winthrop Street house, and planted my seed. Diligently and copiously I watered and watched, but after many weeks not even the tiniest green shoot had pierced the packed clay. I began to despair. Facetiously one of father's hired men told me that nothing would grow without manure. I took heart, and from the cobbled streets of the vicinage, and at the risk of life and youthful limb, gathered a pailful of precious fertilizer and spread it around. Now I became a nuisance, a menace to the orderly procedure of the household, whereupon my mother took it upon herself to tell me the truth. I recall most vividly the salty taste of the warm tears which came—also the satisfactory taste of the ginger-cookies which mollified the blow, but which by no means took the place of the handsome young gobblers I'd been picturing.

I have planted many turkey-bones since; but always with tongue in cheek. So passed my first sorrow.

Life moved on, sweetly but all too slowly, for school was ahead of me and I was eager for it. The brick building of the Winthrop Primary was just up the hill a bit, and a pistol-shot away stood the Roxbury Latin School. I don't recall the first day, but I remember well a snow-storm and a pair of shiny rubber boots, a fall into a drift, and a rescue at the hands of a big fellow on his way to the Latin School. And now from a jumble of mental images of blackboards and chalk, of screwed-down forms and sunken inkwells, a face stands out. In my father's market, accompanied I think by George Rollins, a professor at the Latin School, an elderly man smiled down at me, and at some remark of father's, patted me gently on the head. I was far too young to realize then who Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was, but in the days to follow I came to agree most heartily with Charles Kingsley, who had written of the poet: "His joy in life, his geniality, his lovable disposition, were all reflected in his face—the most beautiful human face I have ever seen."

Intangible, veiled in the mists of the past, other childhood memories blend with what I've been told. Thus, I was a good boy and a smart one; a bad boy and a stupid one. I can't say that I was very much the one or the other, but I recall having kicked my first teacher in the shins when she rattanned me for some forgotten offense. And quite distinct is the recollection of an afternoon of high adventure, when with other young rascals I sallied forth and helped with the "busting" of sundry street lamps. It was an expensive afternoon for father, and a painful evening for me, for the culminating triumph of the gang of young ruffians was the smashing of a stained glass window in one of Roxbury's finest churches, When I look back upon the desecration I can't explain the thrill which was mine at the time. I'll leave it to the other fellow.

Subtle yet profound were the influences of the next few years. While schools forced learning upon me we removed to a large house on Cedar Street. Two sisters and a brother came along, and I was of less consequence. The yearly vacations in Vermont continued, and nearly every other Sunday father would hitch up Tom and Bill in the family carry-all and drive us thirteen miles to Grandpa's house in Randolph.

Slow indeed was the New England tradition to take root in me. We passed through Quincy and Braintree on these fortnightly drives, yet far less important were these hallowed towns to me than Milton. For there a chocolate mill was situated—a fragrant mill straddling a rushing stream. And that Mary E. Wilkins, a schoolmate of mother's, lived in a big white house in Randolph and wrote stories of everyday people, meant less to me than the tall slim cookie jar in Grandma's buttery.

(To be continued next week)

❀ ❀

The Sunset School Trustees announce that there will be no increase in the school district tax. The budget will amount to $31,700.

Villon's Pennies

A SHORT STORY

By Peter O'Crotty

Pierre and Jean parted at St. Anthony's Gate. "I must be away home for supper now," said Pierre, "but I'll meet you here at midnight if I can get away."

"All right," said Jean, "but supposing he doesn't come this way, what will we do then?"

"Oh, he'll come well enough," said Pierre, "I've heard old Martin say that he always goes to midnight mass, drunk or sober. Won't it be fine to say we've seen him that close?"

"If we do, yes, but if he doesn't come, I know what I'll dare you to do."

"What?"

"Go through Boniface's Courtyard, where they've laid old Madame out. They do say old Boniface is going to leave her there three days before he puts her underground. Are you afraid?"

"Me afraid? Say, Jean, if my mother doesn't lock up my clothes I'll be there before you."

"We shall see, Pierre, au revoir!"

"'Voir!"

Two small boys scuttled away to their homes as the chimes of the cathedral proclaimed the end of day. Pierre was the first to arrive. He found his mother awaiting him.

"Have you been three hours returning from school, Pierre?" she scolded. "Where have you been?"

"I stopped to play awhile outside the Gates, Maman," said Pierre, "truly I did not know the time had fled."

"Well, eat your supper and hurry to bed. Growing lads must have their sleep."

"Yes, Maman."

At Jean's house it did not go so well. His father waited at the door. "Young man, you are late!"

Jean did not deny it. His father became stern. "Is it that I want my children to grow up in the gutters?" he demanded. "Is it for that I slave all day long? You must remember, Jean Boulin, that you are the son of an honest shoemaker, and it is not befitting that you should be seen on the streets of Paris after dark. Eat your supper that your mother has so kindly saved for you."

Both boys went off to bed that night without protest. Had not Paris been in such a turmoil those days, their mild demeanor would not have passed unnoticed. The cathedral chimes that boomed the midnight hour awakened them. Pierre was brave, he climbed down the rain piping. Jean was clever, he tip-toed past his snoring father. They met at the Gate of St. Anthony.

"Well," said Pierre, "how do we keep the cold from our shins whilst we wait for a glimpse of this massive rogue?"

"I—I do not know," said Jean, whose teeth were chattering, "I—I think we'd best go home. W-we could tell the fellows that we saw him, c-couldn't we?"

"And have someone say he was in prison on this night, and make us the laughing stock of the whole class? I should say not. Come, I dare you to walk with me through Boniface's Courtyard and have a look at the old woman!"

"We-well, anyway, I—I'm not afraid, just cold," said little Jean, whose knees were playing obligato to his teeth. The young adventurers made their way cautiously through the snow-covered streets to the little alley-way where Mr. Boniface had laid the last earthly remains of his old wife. On a stone slab in the pale moonlight the corpse was not a pleasant thing for any man to behold, much less for two small boys.

"L-let's g-get out of here," suggested Jean, who had his fill.

"Sh—sh," said Pierre, "I think I hear footsteps. Quick, hide in this dark corner with me! Perhaps it is the guard!"

"Ooh!" said Jean, "if they found *us!*"

"Never! But hist! It is only one person, he comes this way!"

With quickening breath the lads watched the entrance to the narrow court. A solitary figure appeared, wavered, seemingly. Then it staggered forward, and came out into the dim light of the cold moon.

"'Tis he!" whispered Pierre, trembling with excitement.

"Let me look!" demanded Jean, fear vanishing before curiosity.

"Back, quickly, he's coming this way!" cautioned Pierre.

The vagabond figure who reeled in the courtyard laid eyes upon the corpse. "Ehu! what's this?" he exclaimed. He stumbled closer.

"By my eyes," he crossed himself, "it's old Mother Boniface, stiff, and stark, and cold. I'm cold too. But I do not die just yet? But what is this? Methinks two shining coppers are holding down her eyes! Come, come, that's no place for good King Louis' images. Far better indeed in Francois Villon's purse."

The thief removed the weights and tried one with his teeth. He doffed his cap and made a sweeping bow. "God bless you, Madame Boniface, from the bottom of my heart I give you thanks. You have no need, eh? 'Where are the snows of yesteryear, where are . . .' But come, this is no place rhyming, back to the tavern I shall go, and test the value of these pieces."

And the unkempt, ragged figure staggered off into the night. When they were sure that he had gone, Pierre and Jean broke from their hiding place and ran home as fast as their little legs would carry them, after agreeing not to mention a word of this strange night to anyone, for fear of disbelief.

Butterfly Tourists

Long, long before white men knew the Monterey Peninsula, thousands upon thousands of tourists were spending the winter month here, not occasionally, but every year. An extraordinary advertisement for climatic virtues, yet the amazing fact was accompanied by no publicity. The tourists were brown butterflies, come hither from all up and down the coast. For decades, unseen, unknown by humans, they had their winter home to themselves.

Then came civilization, and the gradual encroachment of people and homes and motors upon this quiet spot. But the Monarchs, as they are known, still journey faithfully each autumn to the same pines out beyond Pacific Grove. They spend the days roving over the entire peninsula in search of food. Toward evening they return to their parking place, where they spend the night. During heavy storms also they do not leave their trees, but with wings folded hang in great clusters from the boughs, almost immobile save when stirred by the wind.

It is one of the most singular phenomena of the world of natural science. Strictly speaking, it is not a phenomenon at all, but it truly seems one, to the uninitiated. What instinct brings these small creatures back each year? From what far places do they come? How can those fragile wings carry them for hundreds of miles? Above all, what leads them so unerringly each season to the same group of trees? These questions recur again and again to the person who studies the great annual migration. Who can answer them?

However Miss Lucia Shepardson has described it very beautifully in a 35-page booklet published by the Stanford University Press, and selling for 50 cents a copy.

No Peninsula home should be without a copy on the reading table in the guest room. —J. H.

❀ ❀

Query . . . who really took Nancy Cocke to Del Monte on Saturday. She was constantly surrounded by handsome young men, and was seen to leave with at least three.

News of the Hamlet

Bonnie Smith, the Welsh terrier owned by Bob Smith, is quite a knowing wench. She takes life in an utterly liesurely fashion in the day time, and wantonly lavishes her canine affections on anyone who happens to be near her. All lazy and coy and receptive she is. But, as the night approaches, an amazing change occurs. Bonnie suddenly becomes charged with electricity. She starts to show her form, and seems to be anticipating some Glorious Adventure. Last Saturday night, as Bob went off to dance with a lovely lady, Bonnie looked as if she too had a private Del Monte of her own.

❀ ❀

Reading from left to right, at a recent cocktail party . . . June Norvell, exquisitely cool and slender, Fran Conlon, all beer and no emotion, Tommie Hooper, Stark Love, George Aucourt, missing everything, Barbara Collins, missing nothing. Tess Lockridge, divine in a scarlet mandarin jacket, Tommie Work, giving new hope to all the young women, and then taking his sister home, Tommie Tooker, all boyish with lipstick, Fred Godwin, Dream of Fair Women, Dewey Clough, arriving with the Bear from the Mountains, which Bear nearly escaped from George Graft's doorless car, and Winsor Josselyn, quietly absorbing the atmosphere, Mike Mitchell, all cherubic.

❀ ❀

A mysterious correspondence exists between a Mr. Prewett and Mr. Tom Work. It consists of a daily exchange of post cards . . . and they read something like this .

A. 12. pxp. B. 12. B-N.
N-Q2. N-Q2.
13. N-B3.
Can you solve this?

❀ ❀

Elissa Law looked ravishing at Del Monte on Saturday. She wore long brown suede gloves which harmonized with her most becoming hat . . . all golden she was . . . no wonder the young man looked quite beatific.

❀ ❀

Who is the young man at the Standard Oil Station know as Lambie Pie? There are people who were unfortunate enough to miss "The Drunkard" when it played here, however, it is now playing in the city.

❀ ❀

EDITOR, TOWN CRIER:

We hope the TOWN CRIER is going to express some of the better feelings in this village that your rival, the *Swine Cone,* seems not to have known existed. It would be a pity if Carmel-by-the-Sea got the reputation of a bigoted and obscene Main Street town.

—*Bruce Spencer*

❀ ❀

ONE ENGLISH AUTHOR'S OPINION OF AMERICA

A post card from a British writer recently received in the Crowell office tells its own story. The writer says:

"Dear Sir: I am an English literary genius of twenty-seven novels. These works of mine are juvenile and religious. May I send you my very best MS. for publication? Please state what you require. As genius is rare in the U. S. A. Can you accept my offer? Say."

DAILY FIESTA AND NIGHTLY PAGEANT, AUGUST 24TH TO 28TH

Friday, August 24—7:30 p.m. Introduction of distinguished men to the public, at the Mission. 8:00 p. m. Pageant.

Saturday, August 25—2:30 p.m. Concert and Fiesta events. 8:00 p.m. Pageant.

Sunday, August 26—10:00 a.m. Costumed Cavalcade to the Mission. 11:00 a.m. Pontifical High Mass at Mission, celebrated by the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco. 2:30 p.m. 8:00 Pageant.

Monday, August 27—9:00 a.m. Military Pontifical High Mass at Mission. Afternoon tours to historic and other points of interest on Monterey Peninsula. 8:00 p.m. Pageant.

Tuesday, August 28—9:00 a.m. Pontifical Requiem High Mass at the Mission. Afternoon Fiesta events and concert. Solemn Benediction Services at the Mission. 8:00 p.m. Pageant.

Tourists to the Monterey Peninsula at this time may attend the California Golf Association's 23rd Competition for the Amateur State Championship, August 27th to September 2nd, opening at Del Monte Course.

Read the TOWN CRIER's Political Recommendations on Page 15

His Smokes—!
His News—!
His Beer—!

His Pipes, Pouches, Pocket Lighters

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Lumber Camp Novel

Robert Cantwell is a young novelist who attracted much favorable attention three years ago when his first story, "Laugh and Lie Down," was said by reviewers to be the work of a fresh and brilliant stylist. A reviewer prophesied that first edition copies of "Laugh and Lie Down" would some day be as eagerly bought as the early work of William Faulkner. That story had to do with the humble toiler, and a new novel, "The Land of Plenty," is of the same sort. It is mainly concerned with life in the western lumber camps and mills. Like Jack London, its author knows whereof he writes when he describes the life of the men of the lumber mills, for he once served there himself. He is specially good in the creation of atmosphere and he loves to inject plenty of dramatic action into his narrative. One of the highlights in this story is the description of a strike in a lumber mill. Strikes and police, pickets and scabs —they are pictured here in a long struggle which has tragic incidents.

It seems incredible, but Robert Cantwell is said to have learned to write novels by reading, whenever he was out of a job, the remarkable prefaces of Henry James. The luxurious life of Henry James, likewise his precious style, do not seem to have the remotest connection with this proletarian novel.

—*Canadian Exchange*

❀ ❀

Frank Sheridan, well-known thespian, will be unable to accept an invitation from the Pasadena Community Playhouse to attend a reunion of the original cast of "Paid in Full." It isn't that Frank wouldn't like to be there. He is just too busy with the Serra Fiesta. "The home town comes first," says Frank.

❀ ❀

On Monday, August 20, in the quarters of the Manzanita Club, definite steps will be taken toward the formation of a Carmel American Legion Post. Veterans eligible and desiring membership must be in attendance and pay one year's dues to attain charter membership status.

❀ ❀

Delinquent City Taxes

The amount due the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea for taxes is beginning to assume large proportions. A statement just issued by the Tax Collector's office, covering the years from 1921 to 1933, inclusive, shows a total of $11,114.08 in delinquencies, segregated as follows:

Year	R. Es. Taxes	S. & S. Ass'ts.	Total
1921	1.58		1.58
1928		89.11	89.11
1929	65.07	182.21	247.28
1930	210.67	364.82	575.49
1931	404.34	607.48	1011.82
1932	1934.55	2066.52	4001.07
1933	3109.46	2078.27	5187.73
	$725.67	$388.41	11,114.08

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Lodging Places Should Be Listed

Assurances of an unprecedented crowd of visitors and sojourners in Carmel during the period from August 24th to September 3rd, covering the Serra Festival dates, the Village Fair and the Labor Day holidays, make it necessary to perfect plans to provide for everyone a place to lay their head.

To this end the committee in charge requests that any and all vacancies, cottages, apartments, hotels, private rooms, auto camps, tents, etc., available for rental be listed at any of the following places:

Serra Fiesta headquarters, Carmel, Monterey Chamber of Commerce, Pacific Grove Chamber of Commerce.

The complete list, with data, will be available to all real estate offices, who will cooperate with the committee.

❀ ❀

Pageant Tickets

Tickets for reserved seats, $1.00 and $2.00, are now on sale at Palace Drug company, Monterey; Rodgers and Dyke, Pacific Grove; Hotel Del Monte, Sherman-Clay company, San Francisco, and Serra headquarters, Carmel. Peninsula telephone operators will reverse the charges, on request, for those for whom it more convenient to telephone their reservations to Pageant headquarters, Carmel 508.

❀ ❀

A fine collection of painting, done in tempera, the work of Carmel's pioneer artist, M. De Neale Morgan, are now on the walls of the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Dolores Street. Visitors should make a point of seeing this delightful exhibit.

❀ ❀

The Fog Comes In

This day—of softest warp and woof,
Silent as a cloud,
All silver gray and cobweb fine—
The fog wove me a shroud.

—Annice Calland

❀ ❀

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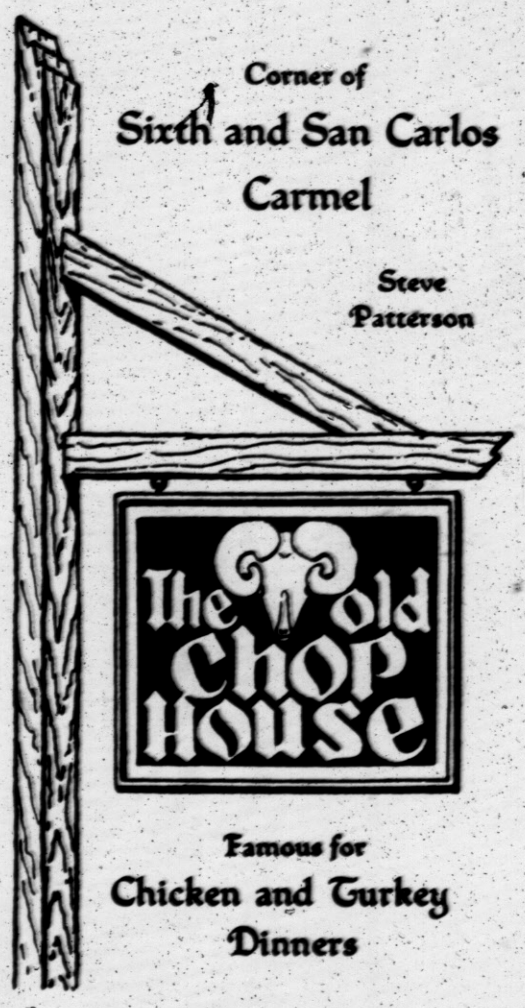

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SEATS 50c, 75c, $1.00 NO TAX
AT STANIFORD'S DRUG STORE

Red and Yellow Bunting Threat to Carmel Peace

From the *Monterey Herald*

Carmel was seething with dissension today. Artists, actors and writers went about the streets muttering weird imprecations while visitors to the village gazed in wonder at such strange manifestations of genius.

Cause of the trouble was not hard to find. In fact it was too easy. For on the front of every business building—or nearly every one—was bunting, red and yellow bunting, just like that used to decorate Monterey, Salinas, Gilroy or any one of a score of more "little Spanish towns" of California at fiesta time.

And, discreet inquiry disclosed, some Carmelites resent having distinctive architecture concealed or disguised by bunting, even if the effect does suggest carnival time in Old Castile. They insist that Carmel's reputation for being "different" has suffered, and that the art colony is in grave danger of becoming standarized.

Some even threatened to tear down the offensive decorations, and it looked as if the "vigilantes" might be called into action. But, thus far, there has been no violence, except to Carmel's artistic sense.

❀ ❀

Funds for Home Repairs

The government, with a $1,299,445,549 stake in America's homes, set out virtually to double that investment in a billion dollar "fix it" drive.

Any home owner in the land can walk into his neighborhood bank, ask for $500 to repair a leaky roof. Because of the billion-dollar campaign, he stood a good chance of getting the money.

If the owner is a reasonably good credit risk, the bank will loan the money at 5 per cent or less. Back of the home owner stands the government guaranteeing the loan up to 20 per cent.

❀ ❀

The Book Stall

The Antiquarian Book Stall is to be one of the attractions of the Carmel Village Fair to be held on the grounds of the Forest Theater, August 31 and September 1.

We hope to have a large assortment of books, magazines, framed or unframed pictures, games, puzzles, bric-a-brac, etc. If every family in Carmel will furnish us one book that they have read and would like to pass on to some one else, and, again, if one member of every household would come to our stall and buy one book we ought to be able to turn over a neat sum to the committee that is working so hard to make the Carmel Village Fair a success. Remember that a book that has no value for you may be greatly treasured by some one else.

Iy you have books or articles suitable for our stall kindly leave them at 506 Camino Real or telephone 846-W and they will be called for.

—*Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff*

❀ ❀

Superior Judge Henry G. Jorgensen returned from his vacation on Monday and held the first law and motion calendar for this superior court term.

In the divorce action of Iris Graft of Carmel against Earl Graft, the court allowed the plaintiff $30 per week for the first seven weeks of their separation. Commencing August 13, she was to receive $45.00 pending results of the action.

H. V. Follette vs. Ray Ramsey. The court denied the plaintiff a motion for a new trial.

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After the Pageant

DANCE

IN THE WORLD-FAMOUS

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Hotel Del Monte

MUSIC BY BOB KINNEY

AND TWELVE-PIECE BAND

Cover Charge: Fifty cents week nights
One dollar Saturday nights; Saturday night dinner dance Two-fifty

Only a few days after arriving in Carmel, Mrs. Rachel Kile succumbed on Monday to an apopletic stroke. Aged about 80 years, Mrs. Kile was a native of Tennessee but had lived in California for the last 40 years. The body was taken to Stockton for funeral services and burial.

❀ ❀

The Carmel City Council probably will provide extra traffic police during the Fiesta.

To the People of the Monterey Peninsula

If you have any vacancies, cottages, apartments, auto camp facilities, private rooms, hotel accommodations, please list them together with full information at the Serra Pageant headquarters, Carmel, The Monterey Chamber of Commerce or the Pacific Grove Chamber of Commerce. We ask this for the purpose of helping to accommodate visitors during the Serra Fiesta and Labor Day.

ANY LISTINGS RECEIVED WILL BE AVAILABLE TO ALL REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blanchard are honeymooning as the guests of Mrs. Millicent Sears at Highland Studio. They were married in the Stanford Memorial chapel Friday, August 10. A wedding reception followed at Hotel Lyndon in Los Gatos and the young couple motored to Highlands in the evening.

❀ ❀

The staff of the TOWN CRIER has been augmented by the employment of Dorothy Brooke, who will cover social activities and other assignments. She is a writer of experience and ability.

NOTICE

Carmel, California
August 16, 1934

Peter O'Crotty and Janet Large, having disposed of their interest in the TOWN CRIER to the Carmel Press, Inc. Notice is hereby given that the Carmel Press, Inc. and the TOWN CRIER is not, and will not be, responsible or liable for any and all bills contracted by them or either of them, or other claims against the TOWN CRIER or the Carmel Press, Inc. after August 13, 1934.

REFORMER HEARST

It is noted with delight that Mr. Hearst is advocating a complete change in the motion picture world. All for pure and simple pictures now. Of course he can do it.

During the late War Lord Northcliff (through the press) had all the English eating graham bread and planting nasturtium seeds. He remarked that he could as easily make them plant the bread and eat the seeds. How much simpler for Mr. Hearst to create a new Cinematagraph Era.

It would be refreshing to see May West and George Bancroft in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or Eddie Cantor, as "Eric, or Little by Little."

—D. B.

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Young Meets Local Voters

Without blare of trumpets and minus the conventional body-guard of politicians C. C. Young, Republican candidate for Governor of California, came to Carmel last Monday afternoon.

Energetic, affable, business-like, the picture of good physical and mental health, the former Governor, following handshaking and introductions, stepped upon the rear platform of his automobile and made a fifteen minute address.

He stated that if elected he would give to the people of the State an economical and humane administration, which he felt well equipped to do by reason of 26 years in public life.

The former Governor, upon his arrival at the City Park, was greeted by W. L. Overstreet and John B. Jordan. He was introduced to his hearers by Mayor James Thoburn.

❀ ❀

County Clerk Carol Joy has notified twenty-four Carmel citizens of their appointment as election officers for the August and November elections. There will be four precincts. Sample ballots and designated polling places have also been mailed to all registered voters.

❀ ❀

No information is forthcoming as to just when the Postoffice will be removed to its new location on Ocean Avenue and Mission Street. Much new and second-hand equipment is now on the ground. Several prospective tenants have been giving the present Postoffice quarters the once or twice over.

An interesting part of the publicity matter concerning the Fiesta are the splendid illustrative drawings made by Jo Mora. This artist, more than any other, has captured the spirit of the occasion.

❀ ❀

Carmel was well represented at the California State Convention of the American Legion in San Francisco this week. A number of the veterans singly and accompanied by their wives left on Sunday for the bay city and registered at the Hotel Whitcomb headquarters.

Re-elect
C. F. JOY
Incumbent
for County Clerk

Elect
FRANK OYER
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

H · W · ALLSMAN
for
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

Carl Abbott
STANDING SQUARELY

ON MY RECORD
for Sheriff

E. E. PATTERSON
Incumbent — Candidate for
The Assembly
35th District
San Luis Obispo and Monterey Counties

RE-ELECT
HOWARD F
COZZENS
Retain a qualified Highway Engineer for this position
COUNTY SURVEYOR

W · C · THEILE
Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

ELECT
Howard D. Peters
for
COUNTY SURVEYOR

Vote for Eugene A.
O'GRADY
for
Sheriff of Monterey Co.

ELECT
Joseph E.
MITCHELL
Sheriff
of Monterey County
CAPABLE AND RELIABLE

WALTER·R
TAVERNETTI
Incumbent
for
ASSESSOR

RETAIN
HARRY, L.
NOLAND
INCUMBENT
District Attorney
of Monterey County

ASSEMBLYMAN

35th District

DAN , G

BARDIN | X

Re-Elect

J. A. (OLLIE)

CORNETT

Incumbent

CORONER , PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

RE-ELECT

CONGRESSMAN McGRATH

▼

He has made good with President Roosevelt

and has been endorsed by the Administration

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ROBERT · A

STIRLING

Candidate for

Treasurer of Monterey County

20 years Supervisor of Monterey County

6 years Postmaster of Castroville

"STANDING FOR STABILITY"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WE RECOMMEND

The TOWN CRIER, in accordance with an announcement made some weeks ago that a list of candidates favored by this news-magazine would be published before the Primary Election, herewith makes the following recommendations for all offices where there is a contest:

United States Senator, Hiram W. Johnson (Rep., Dem.)

Member of Congress, John J. McGrath (Rep., Dem.)

Member of Assembly, Dan Bardin.

Governor, C. C. Young, (Rep.); George Creel (Dem.)

Lieutenant-Governor, George J. Hatfield (Rep.); Sheridan Downey (Dem.)

State Treasurer, Charles G. Johnson (Rep.); Solon Beatty (Dem.)

Attorney General, U. S. Webb (Rep., Dem.)

Board of Equalization, Harry L. Todd (Rep.); Mark Megladdery, (Dem.)

Associate Justice, Emmet Seawell.

Associate Justice No. 2, Ira F. Thompson.

Superintendent of Public Instruction, Vierling Kersey.

County Superintendent of Schools, James G. Force.

Coroner, J. A. Cornett.

District Attorney, Harry L. Noland.

Sheriff, Carl Abbott.

Surveyor, Howard F. Cozzens.

Treasurer, John E. Steinbeck.

Constable, Henry E. Freels.

Vote for

J · E · Steinbeck

Incumbent

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

ANNA E. JOHNSON

Incumbent

for

County Auditor

Russell W. Giles

for

COUNTY TREASURER

Elect

A Monterey Peninsula Man

ELECT

GEO. D.

POLLOCK

District Attorney

ERNEST CANEPA

Candidate for

Constable

Vote for

Anthony Brazil

for

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Vote for

"VIC" J.

● BARLOGIO

for Coroner and Public Administrator

RE-ELECT

JAMES · G

FORCE

Superintendent of Schools

27 years continuous service as teacher, principal, superintendent in California schools

FORCE AND APPEAL

The first—FORCE—to gain attention. The second—APPEAL—to create desire. These two factors are what successful business men look for in advertising. They know ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER *is fatal to success*

The CARMEL PRESS has proven its ability in creating advertising with force, and are continually writing copy with appeal; thus creating desire for the commodity advertised.

In line with the above, successful business managers balance costs with RESULTS . . . *not cost alone!*

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